

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

HOW THEY DO IT IN THE HILLS

Editor of the Deadwood Snorter Tells How He Runs a Paper

(Western Publisher.)

"I'm an editor myself," said he, as he planted his feet on the Eagle editor's desk and lit that functionary's pipe. "I throw ink on the Up-Gulch Snorter at Deadwood, and you bet I make some reading matter for the boys. Take the Snorter on exchange here!"

"I think not," replied the editor. "Don't know that I ever heard of it." "You ain't been long in the ink business, have you?" asked the stranger, quickly. "You don't seem to be up in the literature of the day." The Snorter throws more influence to the square foot than all the papers in Deadwood. Let me show you the style of that periodical," and he drew a file of back numbers out of his pocket. "See them advertisements? All cash. Meeting of the county board; fist fight in the common council; mine caved in on nineteen men; four women lynched; mayor of town convicted of burglary; raid by Indians—all live news items. See the editorial? This is what I say about the Rapid City Enterprise: "The distinguished consideration in which we hold the three-ply jackass who edits our noxious contemporary is only equaled by the rapidity with which the tumble-down will roll him out of town in the spring." Spicy, eh? You bet! There's some poetry. Wrote it myself. Made it up out of my head. How's that?"

"The opposition have nominated that lousy, drunken, dissipated, Jack-eyed horse thief, Jim McFadden; our candidate is Fatty Madden!"

"And we elected him, too, for old tock! We go in for poetry out our ray, from 'way back."

"We don't do it in just that way ere," said the Eagle editor, with a smile. "Our folks—"

"That's where you're off. You haven't educated your folks up to high taste. Where I live we're cultured clear to the root. Here's my remarks about the editor of the Vermilion Repeater, when he wanted to split territory: "We don't want to resort on the press, but we are compelled to say that the editor of the Repeater has stolen government mules so long for a living that he begins to flatter himself that he too is an ass!" That's my business."

"Now here's a little criticism on our era house that was regarded very high: "Manager Whitney is giving a ghastly performance than our citizens have a right to expect for two-bits. He has engaged the beautiful Gambetta two weeks, and her standing jump is a careful thought and study, and as toe whirls are unprecedented in the story of the ballet. Mr. Whitney is stored up the east end of his musical troupe with the justly celebrated stay Magianis, the bones of modern era. We are sorry to chronicle a row in his temple of Thespian virtue last night, and we recommend Manager Whitney, if Shang Johnson comes moving around there again, to crack his

nut with a bottle." And he did it, too. It shows the power of the press."

"I suppose your paper is confined to local matters. You don't do much in the way of general literature," said the Eagle, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"There's where you're on your back again. It comes high, but our people will have it. See this story from Harper's boiled down to half a column, but it gives all the facts. Then here's a poem by my daughter. She's a powerful singer when she's fed up to it. Boiled beef sets her going, and a bottle of beer fetches the balance. How does this strike you? This is hern. It's called 'Ode to Night.'"

"The Evening for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed.
The sun behind a bobtail flush
Is setting in the west.
The planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars,
The sky has put its night-shirt on,
And buttoned it with stars."

"I love this timid, shrinking Night,
Its shadows and its dew;
I love the constellations bright,
So old and yet so new;
I love night better than the day,
For people looking on,
Can't see me skinning round to meet
My own, my darling John."

"You don't get any better track than that in the east. You see, our people have got to have the first crop or bust. It livens a paper up, too, this poetry, and it's phat for the printers. Here's a little thing I dashed right off on the Yankton Vindicator for claiming that I swindled the government on a hay contract:

"A delicious Yankton reporter
Has been pitching into the Snorter.
We find he's the man
Who adopted the plan
To kill his wife rather'n support her."

"He ain't been seen since. Well, pard, I must get out on the trail. If you're ever out Deadwood way drop down the chimney and see me. You might as well put me on your exchange list, and if you ever pick up an item you can't use, drop me a line and I'll pay you a little something. So long."

UNCLE SAM IS AFTER BRADLEY

Well Known Character of Douglas County Wanted by the Government

"Bill" Bradley, the familiarly known character, who has lived the life of a recluse on a homestead on what is known as "Cap's Hahee," near the head waters of the Umpqua river, 80 miles east of Roseburg, for about 25 years, is wanted by the federal authorities, says the Roseburg review. It has become known that a secret indictment against Bradley was returned by the federal grand jury at Portland last month, but the nature of the crime charged cannot be ascertained, but it is supposed to be setting forest fires. However, if general reports are to be considered, Bradley might be charged with nearly any of the crimes on the legal calendar.

For several days preceding last Tuesday, Deputy United States Marshal L. N. Blower and an assistant, H. W. Jackson, of Medford, with two bloodhounds, made a search for Bradley in his isolated haunts in the vicinity of Cap's Hahee, Blowers being armed with a warrant for Bradley's arrest. The men found Bradley's cabin deserted and after a fruitless search in the forest they obtained the information that Bradley had gone to Klamath county two weeks before. The two men thereupon returned to Roseburg with their hounds, and on Tuesday evening departed on the southbound train for some unknown point. Before leaving, Jackson stated that the government possessed strong evidence that Bradley had killed three men in the past, but whether or not he had been indicted on the charge of murder, Mr. Jackson would not say. He intimated, however, that the federal authorities had determined to secure Bradley, dead or alive, and would spare no efforts to accomplish this object.

"Bill" Bradley is well known to nearly all of the older residents of central and eastern Douglas county; those who are not acquainted with him have heard of him. He was never married, and alone in the forest, far up the Umpqua, he has held full sway for a quarter of a century, apparently looking upon that isolated region as created for his exclusive benefit. While friendly and hospitable to temporary visitors, he always resented the attempt of any one

to settle in close proximity to his homestead, or place livestock in that locality to graze. This several prospective entrymen and cattlemen say they discovered to their sorrow, and the latter especially to their financial detriment. It is this known antipathy to his brother humanity and other people's livestock that has led many people to believe Bradley guilty of criminal acts which have been committed within the limits of his "domain." Time and again cattle have been poisoned or driven off, fires have been set on valuable timber lands, and three men are said to have met their death in that lonely locality.

Bradley has also been accused of breaking the game laws, as regards the killing of deer and having deer hides in his possession. For many years he evaded arrest at the hands of the authorities in Roseburg by journeying through the mountains to Eugene or elsewhere, it is said, where he sold his deer hides or a few horses from the band which he raised.

But Bradley's reign seems to be drawing to a close, now that the federal authorities are determined to capture him.

Local residents who are acquainted with Bradley express the opinion that he knows the mountains too well and has too many friends to permit of his ever being taken.

Bradley is a member of a very estimable pioneer family of this county.

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. R. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a Cough or Cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble." His mother's death was a sad loss to Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed at J. C. Perry's drug store. Trial bottle free.

For saddles, bridles, whips, repairs, etc., go to F. E. Shafer, 126 Commercial street, and you'll get your money's worth.

A Pleasant Way to Travel.

The above is the usual verdict of the traveler using the Missouri Pacific railway between the Pacific coast and the east, and we believe that the service and accommodations given merit this statement. From Denver, Colorado Springs and Denver there are two through trains daily to Kansas City and St. Louis, carrying Pullman's latest standard electric-lighted sleeping cars, chair cars and up-to-date dining cars. The same excellent service is operated from Kansas City and St. Louis to Memphis, Little Rock and Hot Springs. If you are going east or south, write for particulars and full information.

W. C. M'BRIDE, Gen. Agt.,
124 Third St., Portland, Ore.

New Blacksmith Shop

We have purchased a new shop just west of the Y. M. C. A. building. Work of all kinds done promptly, first-class and reasonable.
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Of corn for planting, remember that we have a choice stock of both Oregon and Eastern grown corn, which can be had at reduced prices, at the Old Reliable Feed Store.

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Should be done on a GAS STOVE. It will save heating up your kitchen and your temper. It is much quicker than any other method of cooking. With it you can cook dinner in half an hour; breakfast can be had in a few minutes. A Gas Range is a dream of delight. It makes a woman's life a pleasure and with it there is no kicking about late meals. It is a woman's friend always. With a gas Range there are no stove pipes to clean or to fall about your ears. There are no "cuss" words, tears or ill-humor where a Gas Range is used. The ovens of a Gas Range bake perfectly. They can be regulated to any desired temperature. This is an important feature which alone is sufficient to relegate the old wood stove to the scrap heap. Then another important feature is the fuel bill. When you once understand the use of a Gas Range you will find that your gas bill is less than your wood bill, and you will not have to split kindling wood nor carry in wood, nor keep a dirt-promoting woodbox in your kitchen.

GET A GAS RANGE

Come to us and let us explain to you further of the best cooking stove in the world.

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